

TO  
HENRY HUNT, ESQ.

LETTER IV.

DERBY BEHEADINGS.—STEWART CO-  
OPERATIS WITH CROSS.—SCHEME  
TO SILENCE THE PRESS ALTOGE-  
THER.—THE BOW-STRING SYSTEM.  
MRS. BRANDRETH AN OBJECT OF  
NATIONAL CARE.—DEATH OF THE  
PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.—NEW YORK  
CONSUL AND ADDRESSES.

*M. Allister's Tavern, near Harrisburgh,  
in the State of Pennsylvania, 6th  
February, 1818.*

MY DEAR HUNT,

I have not much to add on the  
subject of the Derby beheadings.  
The whole matter, rise, progress  
and all is, and must be, so well  
understood, that further exposure  
is useless. In one word: we all  
know *what ought to be done*; all  
that remains, is, to find out *the  
means of doing it*; and to discover  
such means and accelerate their  
operation shall be my incessant  
endeavour.

It is right, however, to make a  
sort of record of the terrible affair  
at Derby. It appears, that a few  
men, not exceeding two hundred  
in the whole, misled and urged on  
by hired spies and instigators,  
made a sort of riot. Three of  
them, BRANDRETH, TURNER,  
and LUDLAM, have been tried for  
*levying war against the King*, found  
guilty by a jury consisting wholly  
of Farmers, condemned by judges,  
RICHARDS, ABBOTT, and Bo-

ROUGH, and executed as *Traitors*,  
the prosecutors being Shepherd,  
the Attorney-General, with nine  
other lawyers to assist him, while  
the poor prisoners, who had no rich  
friend to assist them, were left to  
the defence of two *assigned coun-  
sel*, one of whom was a man  
named Cross, who lives at Man-  
chester.

The object, which was in view in  
exciting these men to commit this  
foolish breach of the peace is clear  
enough. It was to give a sha-  
dow of ground for the hellish  
measures which had been pre-  
viously adopted against the peo-  
ple; and, therefore, the ASSIG-  
NED counsel, Cross, bent his efforts,  
not to obtain a verdict for the  
prisoners, but to cause it to be  
believed, that they had been insti-  
gated to act, not by the hired in-  
stigators, but by *me*, against whose  
writings, as is very notorious, the  
infernal measures had been le-  
velled.

Now, to diverge here, for a  
moment, from the path of mere  
narrative, let me remind you,  
that my writings had been cha-  
racterized as *sedition* and *blas-  
phemous*. The first quality was  
given to them in order to raise  
the cry of rogues against them,  
and the second to raise that of  
fools. It is well known how  
false both characters were. It is  
well known, that I have uniform-  
ly inculcated a *strict obedience to  
the laws*, and that I have, as uni-  
formly, *deprecated all attempts to  
meddle with any body's religion in  
any way whatever*, professing, for  
myself, my resolution to believe

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nothing about the matter, except what I am bidden to believe by the Church of England. Religion is a *mystery*; as such the Church considers it; as such I consider it; and I have not the presumption to attempt to *reason* about it. My good old grandmother took the creeds as the Church presented them to her. She taught them to me; and as I received them from her, so I still hold them. It is for men like "O'CONNOR," who dispense with the use of their names of baptism, to refuse their assent to the authenticity of the Bible, while they pretend to believe in "*a supreme Being*," which latter belief must be built upon some *discoveries of their own surprising powers of reason*, unless they have found out some *other revelation*, of which we common mortals have no knowledge; but, amongst all "O'CONNOR's" other discoveries, it seems strange, that he should not have discovered the supreme folly of swearing upon the Evangelists against a man's ears, and then acknowledging, that he himself did not give faith to the book that he had sworn upon! However, let us leave the conduct of "the descendant of the last of "Irish Kings", as being matter too high for our comprehension; and let us return to the Derby narrative, or, at least, to matter immediately connected with the late horrible spectacle, exhibited in that town.

Cross, well knowing what he was about, studiously kept the *hired spies* out of sight, and he pitched on upon me, in order, partly to afford a justification for the Bourbon System, and partly to *pave the way* FOR FURTHER MEASURES AGAINST THE PRESS, amongst which was con-

templated, I dare say, a *dismissal of juries* from all cases of *libel*; or, perhaps, an *imprimatur* or *censorship*, in the true Bourbon style. This work of *paving* was, at once, caught up from his *assigned* lips, and carried on, it now appears, with great industry by those two blood-hunters, Stewart and Stoddart. The occasion was favourable. The fears of the foolish and timid people of property; the compassion of people in general for the poor sufferers, their wives and children; the awful scene; the horrid spectacle; the feelings of shame for the country. All these were at work on the minds and hearts of the nation at large; and, it was at this moment, that these hirelings of the Boroughmongers endeavoured to make the nation believe, that the unlawful acts and the horrid fate of the unfortunate men all arose from *my writings* and *your speeches*. If they could cause *this* to be generally believed, then, it was plain, that the mass of the nation would the more easily consent to the adoption of some measures *completely to silence the press*; for, this was still a great object, seeing that the "*Two-penny-trash*" was now REVIVED, so contrary to the expectations of Mr. WOOLER and the COURIER. It had, indeed, been revived for *three months*. It had been supposed (very likely) that it was a mere *flash*; but, when it was seen, that it was pouring on in a regular course, as usual, CORRUPTION, who had *hugged herself in fancied triumph* at my departure, began to think, that, if she did not *do more*, she had, as yet, really *done nothing* to secure her in the end.

These were the real causes of the conduct of Cross and of Stew-

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art and Stoddart in this instance. Taking the nation in the state of mind above described, Cross defended most courageously, not his poor clients; but *Sidmouth's Circular*! Cross called upon the magistrates to act upon that *Circular*! Stoddart and Stewart urged the necessity of new measures to repress the publications of the seditious, and particularly of Cobbett. Proceeding in the old way of paving, the *COURIER*, on the 25th of November, 1817, thinking, apparently, that it had made its ground firm under it, boldly breaks to the public the intentions of Corruption in the following words: "*The Country will learn with pleasure, that measures are in contemplation for EFFECTUALLY suppressing the audacious libels which shock and disgust every honest man, whatever party he may belong to. Having all a common interest in the welfare of the State, we must all INTUITIVELY feel that the common good will be promoted by the EXTINCTION of those writings which aim only to unsettle all our notions in religion, morals, and politics.*"

The "common good" of the Boroughmongers he means. However, the vile traitor appears here to have shown the intentions a little too soon; for, being assailed the next day by PERRY, he affects to be surprised, that his words had excited alarm; and he assures the public, that no such intentions are entertained. "We believe," says the traitor, "we may assure the public, with perfect confidence, that there is not the slightest intention on the part of his Majesty's Ministers, to propose any fresh restrictions upon the Liberty of the Press. Indeed we may fearlessly ask, where, in the history

"of our country, any administration is to be found that has been more friendly to the Liberty of the Press than the present."—I really wonder, that the slave did not, as proofs of this friendship for the Liberty of the Press, cite the gagging Bills and the dungeon Bills.

It is curious, however, to see how the slave draws back upon finding, that the thing "won't do" just yet! Like a pigeon-killing cat, he is just darting forth upon his prey; but, perceiving that he has been a little too much in haste, he falls softly back to his former station. "No," says he, "no new laws, we repeat, are in contemplation; but an active, vigilant, firm execution of the old." What, more active and vigilant than Perceval, Gibbs, Shepherd and Sidmouth? More firm than the brave old gentlemen, who sent me to prison for two years, made me pay a thousand pounds fine, and bound me over for seven years? Oh! the foolish fellow! What more can they do with the old laws, as he calls them, than they have done? Is there any thing more to be done with Sidmouth's circular and with the gagging bills than to act upon them?

The slave has mentioned BURKE here, as one who complained, that the laws were suffered to sleep, and as having called for severity. Mr. WINDHAM told me, in the presence of the man, who is called the Right Honourable WILLIAM ELLIOT, that BURKE disapproved of trying Messrs. TOOKE and HARDY for treason. "Give them," said he, "a good thumping MISDEMEANOUR. They (meaning the jury) won't take their lives; but they'll very gladly send them to jail for you." This old pensioned hack, who was

enabled to leave a *legacy pension*, knew very well how to advise in such a case. But, if he had lived 'till now, and seen the result of those warlike measures, which he recommended, and for which recommendation he was so well paid, he would have seen, that even Special Juries could not be trusted, without the aid of gagging bills.

But, though this cat was, upon the occasion above spoken of, induced to draw back from his prey, he must come forth again, *or, we must have our Reform*; for, the Borough System can never continue, even with gagging Bills to protect it, without something more done against the press. To put a man in prison for a year or two does not *kill him* as you have seen with pleasure, and as the Borough villains long have *felt*, and *are still to feel*. I read, that GIBBS is retiring on account of *ill-health*. I remember how he looked at my plump and red and smiling face, when he was calling upon Ellenborough, Grose, Le Blanc and Bailey to "make me a *blighted* "example of the vengeance of "the law," which call they answered to the best of their power. I am not "*blighted*" yet, GIBBS! I am just what you saw me in 1810, and such the Borough tyrants will find me for many years to come. No, no; a year or two of imprisonment does not *kill*. Nor, if a man have health and bottom, does it *injure* him. It did me, as to talent, exertion, and fame, a great deal of good. Since the day when Gibbs thought he had got me "*blighted*," I have done more than in all my life before; and, I have, at last, reduced my enemies and the cruel enemies of my country to the dire state of *pulling off the mask*. I have made

them appear to the people in their true colours. I have made it clear to all the world, that, in order to check the powers of my pen, they have been compelled to commit the deeds of 1817; and this is now the manifest fact: that I must continue to be read by the nation, or, the nation must lose all show of freedom. This state of things has, in a great measure, its foundation *in my imprisonment and fine*. For, had it not been for the treatment I received in 1810, I might have become comparatively indolent. Easy circumstances, a love of a country-life, and an attention turned to other objects, might, possibly, have prevented the birth of the *Cheap Register*. But, the imprisonment, the fine, the seven years recognizances, and especially the conduct of Percival and Gibbs; these demanded *a life of exertion*. It is thus that such deeds generally operate. Those who commit them triumph for a while; but, look through the history of the world, and you will see, that it has been the wrongs done to individuals, which have finally produced freedom and happiness to communities. It was the wrongs done to Hampden, Prynne, Bastwick, Burton, Cavendish, Russel, Sydney, and other individuals, that finally expelled the Stuarts; and, let us hope, that the wrongs done to individuals by the Usurping Borough-mongers will finally produce their expulsion, and the restoration of the rights of the people and of His Majesty and His Family.

Therefore, the *present laws*, even including the gag, which gag, you will please to observe, is to last *till next July twelvemonth*; even including the gag, the *present laws* will not suffice. The boys, who are now *twelve years of age*, will

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soon supply the place of the men of *three score*, and the race will go on *mending*. Time, as well as the Debt, are at work against our king's and country's foes. The powerful example of this country; the grand revolution in South America. All are at work against the old, shatterbrained hag who is endeavouring to frighten and murder the people of England and of Europe. Corruption sees all this; and she would draw back, if she could. She cannot. The truth is, she reasons thus: "I cannot be *more* detested than I now am. If I yield, my yielding will not save me from *disgorging* my plunder; and, if I disgorge, I perish. By perseverance I *may* live; by yielding I *must* die." This is the *jet* of all her reasoning; and thus she has reasoned from the beginning of the French revolution. She sees clearly how beneficial the independence of South America would be *to the nation*; but she also sees, that it would hasten the period of *her own destruction*; and, therefore, she will be against it as openly as she dares. Her sons and daughters lick their lips at the *mines*; but she, the cunning old hag, knows, that *they* would be destroyed by the very event that would open the mines to the English and other nations.

Again, therefore, I say, that the Boroughmongers will attempt *something more against the press*. Far be it from me to wish that they *may not*. It has been constantly my wish to see the nation *really free*; to see king and people in the enjoyment of all their rights, according to the Law of the Land; or, to see an *open despotism*. It is disguise, it is sham, it is hypocrisy, it is cheater; these are the things which are *mischievous*.

The difficulty, which Corruption feels, arises from the impossibility of any longer wearing a mask. We have *stripped* the hag. This it is that puts her in a passion and makes her rave like a Bedlamite. The antiquated lady's maid, mentioned by Gil Blas, readily pardoned him for imputations against her *chastity*, but, when he told her of her *painting* and having *an issue in her back*, she flew at him with teeth and claws. The animating principle is, in both cases, the same. The last mentioned dame felt and resented the blow at the source of her power. So our hag, whose power was derived chiefly from her disguise, resents the act of unmasking her; and, as you and I have been two of the most busy of the undressers, it is very natural that we should be honoured with an uncommon portion of her malice.

Having now seen what has been the grand object, in this case, of all the labours of Oliver, Shepherd, Cross and the London hirelings, let us next see how their charges against you and me are borne out by the *dying declarations* of the *Derby Victims*. I have before observed, that the occasion was seized hold of to make the nation believe, that *we*, that your *speeches* and my *writings*, had been the cause of the commission of those acts, which were called *levying war against the king*. What says the *evidence*? What say the men with their *last breath*?

The evidence says not one word about either you or me, though it does say something about Sir Francis Burdett and Major Cartwright. But, BACON made, they say, a speech to encourage the rioters to proceed to action. And, what was that speech? Why, as the hirelings report, that the people

were so ill-treated by the government, that fighting was all they had left for it. The words of the sanguinary, Stoddart, are as follows:—"It is a painful reflection, that in an age called enlightened, Englishmen have been found ready to enter into such barbarous and frantic designs; and it becomes highly important to trace the causes of such a dereliction of duty towards God and man. The first cause was doubtless an impatience under those distresses which experience has shown us to be temporary; but it is impossible to believe, that this feeling alone, in the circumstances in which most of the criminals were, could have driven them to such desperate courses. Accordingly we find, from the evidence, that there was another more likely motive to stir them up to rebellion. John Bacon, it is said, harangued the other rebels, whilst stopping at a public house on their march, telling them, 'that Government had robbed them and plundered them of every thing, that this was the last shift, and that they must fight or starve.' This false and wicked accusation against the mildest and most paternal Government that ever existed, did not originate with John Bacon. It is the sum and substance of the numberless libels so long and so sedulously circulated throughout the country, but particularly of those two compositions of unparalleled atrocity, Cobbett's 'Address to the Journeymen and Labourers,' and Hunt's bloodthirsty harangue in Spa-fields."

So, the distresses have been shown to be temporary! Fool as well as ruffian! No: they were

not temporary; and they never will end, as long as Corruption shall live. John Bacon said, that "the Government had robbed and plundered them of every thing, that this was the last shift, and that they must now either fight or starve." This, says Stoddart, was "a false and wicked accusation against the MILDEST and MOST PATERNAL government that ever existed." Dungeons, gags, halters, axes, knives, are, I suppose, emblems of mildness and of paternal tenderness. But, what have you and I to do with John Bacon's opinions? We never urged people to fight. We only urged them to petition, and the Borough-mongers would not let them petition. Besides, how could we persuade men to think that they were hungry? Men feel hunger. It does not come in at the ears. Reading a book or hearing a speech cannot make a man think that he is hungry, if his belly be really full. John Bacon might, indeed, have read in our productions the causes of his not having enough of his earnings left to purchase food with; but, if our account of that matter had been false, how came John Bacon to believe it? And, how came he, at any rate, not to believe any of those who wrote on the other side? Nine tenths of the pens and tongues were employed against us. What amazingly powerful orators and writers we must be! The acknowledgement that we had produced all this effect is very disgraceful to our opponents, or very honourable to our talents and our cause. Observe, too, that we had been reduced to silence three months before John's famous "rebellion". The effects of our productions are, then, lasting, it

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would seem! Our adversaries had had the field all to themselves. They were like so many priests in their pulpit with nobody to contradict them; and yet, they could not persuade John Bacon that his belly was full. They could not persuade John Bacon, that the Labourer and Journeyman *paid no taxes!* What a bungling set they must have been! John was full; he was happy; he was living under the mildest and most paternal of governments; and yet they were unable to persuade him to believe a word of it! John would persist in believing us, who had said, that what was taken away to be eaten by sinecure place people and pensioned families could not remain for him to eat! What a perverse dog this must have been!

As to the dying words of BRANDRETH, TURNER, and LUDLAM, there appears to have been a great deal of CAJOLERY in order to get out of them a *confession* to suit the views of the corrupt knaves in London; or, a *confession of guilt*, at least. Not a word of the sort! Not a word about *you* or *me*; but plenty of words about OLIVER and CASTLEREAGH! It is useless for me to attempt to give an account of the endeavours, which were made use of *to prevent these men from speaking out on the scaffold*; because I can possess merely what has reached me through the CHRONICLE and the COURIER; but, this much is plain and undeniable; that BRANDRETH was beginning to address the people, and had got so far as to say something about CASTLEREAGH, when the Chaplain got *between him and the people*; and that TURNER had said "*this is the work of OLIVER and the GOVERNMENT,*" "and ....." when he was,

in like manner, interrupted; and, then their voices *were silenced for ever!*

This is *enough*. Quite enough. We have, from these facts, a right to presume *every thing!* You, my dear HUNT, were at DERBY. I hope you have, and I am sure you have, an accurate account of all these interesting facts. Pray preserve them carefully, with the names of as many persons as possible, who are likely to give interesting *evidence*; for, these things *must* be subject of *future investigation*, or the nation must perish under a despotism, worse, far worse, than that of Russia or Spain. Stewart and Stoddart had been labouring, I see, for weeks, to represent the prisoners as not having said a word about OLIVER; and, the scheme, I see, was laid to prevent the men from uttering a word on the subject at the moment of death. But, in spite of all these schemes, out the names of CASTLEREAGH and OLIVER come! Out they come; and every man knows *how to put other words before and after* these tremendous names! The *anxiety* shown to *prevent the prisoners from speaking*, clearly shows the *importance* of what they had to say, which was, doubtless, well known to the Chaplain and others! Oh! The blood runs cold within one to think of these things! Will the time never come! Will it *never* come! What! is it come to this? Are men, then, no longer to be allowed to speak to the people at the place of execution? Are they to be silenced even there? We are told, that *these men were forewarned, that they must nearly close their devotions before they went out of the prison, because they would be allowed but little time on the scaffold.* And *why? why?*

WHY, WHY, WHY? Because it was feared, that they would *produce an impression by their last words!* This was the reason, to be sure; and yet this is called *law*: this is called a *public execution!*

When the place of execution was removed from *Tyburn* to the *Prison Door*, in Middlesex, Mr. HORNE TOOKE, as I was told, said, that it was a bold step towards despotism. He said, that all executions ought to be as *public* as it was possible. He said, that, from the *prison door*, it might, in time, be removed *into the prison*; and then any man might be *murdered* or made to *confess* or *sign* any thing! He said, that the use of the *bow-string*, by which the *TURKS* strangle people in private, was but one degree from an execution where men were not, at the place of execution, allowed plenty of time to speak openly to the people without any restraint. These opinions of Mr. TOOKE were related to me by SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, who coincided with those opinions, and who will now, *surely, surely*, inquire into the facts of this singular execution in his own county. At any rate, I do beseech *you* to preserve all the facts of this transaction; for, as I said before, these things *must* be subject of future investigation.

In the meanwhile, we well know, that the pretended rebels did not, at the place of execution, name *you* or *me*, and that they did name *Oliver* and *Castlereagh*. If they could have been *cajoled* to throw the blame on either of us, you would have heard them *recommended to mercy* by the miscreants, who now call for our blood. These miscreants are not to be considered in the usual light of corrupt writers; but as really guilty of *aiding and abetting* as above de-

scribed; and they ought to be, and must be, made answerable for their deeds in that way. I declare seriously and solemnly, that I would not give a straw for any change which would not bring these men to answer for their deeds, and that would not bring them to strict justice. I keep *files* of the paper of one of these miscreants, the *COURIER*; and I should be a most spiritless creature, if I did not live in the hope of producing them in a court of justice against him. These *Bowstring* miscreants know that they are in jeopardy. But, how many innocent men and their families have they helped to ruin! How much innocent blood have they assisted in causing to flow! They are aware of the hatred, to which their sanguinary deeds expose them, and this is one reason for their endeavouring to throw the blame upon you and me. CASHMAN, whom the miscreants now affect to call "*poor Cashman*," they now affect to *pity* as one of *our* victims, though Walter and Stewart sought his blood as eagerly as hounds seek that of a stag. The brave Cashman gave them little to boast of in the way of triumph. He, with his last breath, boasted of *his love for his King and country*, and accused the *government* and the *merchants* of having driven him to desperation by *withholding his pay from him*. Yet the miscreants accused *you* and *me* of bringing him to his untimely end! The men at Derby would, I dare say, have left Corruption as good a legacy, and, therefore, they were not suffered to speak. Cashman, the brave Cashman, the loyal Sailor, had left Corruption a lasting lesson!

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rors without noticing the excellent conduct of *Brandreth's wife*. All the three men appear to have been *religious* men. They all had the fear of God deeply impressed on their minds. Yet, NOT ONE WORD DID THEY UTTER IN ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF HAVING DONE WRONG! They wept over their relations and friends. They were sober, thoughtful men. They were beloved by all who knew them. They prayed for forgiveness of their sins; but, that which they were urged to *confess to be a sin* they *never did so confess*. This is a *fearful sign* for Corruption! Ah! What, she cannot *deceive* any longer, then! Let the old hag tremble at this sign! She cannot *frighten* people at the hour of death! They do not think, that they need *repent* of having hated her! She can get no "*last dying speeches and confessions*" to hawk about to scare school-boys and apprentices! This is the very worst sign of the times for her. The dread of the *worst* she can do has worn away. Even the *women* look her boldly in the face; and Mrs. BRANDRETH has shown, that a woman can feel something for her husband *besides sorrow*. This brave woman's letter to her husband I must insert here, together with the COURIER's introduction to it. This guilty miscreant, aware of the impression, which the *dying words* of the prisoners would make, endeavoured to prepare before hand a string of falsehoods that might mislead the public, and make them believe, that what BRANDRETH would say about *Oliver* at the place of execution, HAD BEEN PUT INTO HIS HEAD BY OTHERS! With this view the bowstring miscreant published in the same

paper, in which he gave an account of the execution, Mrs. BRANDRETH's letter with the following *preface* to it. The bowstring man had been many days labouring to make his readers believe, that BRANDRETH *repented* of his "crime;" that he *acknowledged* the *justice of his sentence*; that his *counsel* had done him justice; and so on. But, unfortunately for this miscreant, the bowstring was not put into use upon this occasion. BRANDRETH was put to death on the *outside* of the prison; and, in spite of the fervent and *sonorous* prayers of the Rev. Chaplain, BRANDRETH did say something about CASTLEREAGH and was *going on*. To account for this "*change*," as the man of the bowstring calls it, Mrs. BRANDRETH is introduced. It was *she* who made him *change his tone*! It was *her* advice, aided by *bits of paper*, put under the door of his cell! Well said Bowstring! But, let us hear him now, if indignation will suffer us.

"In our last we adverted to the interview which took place in the course of the preceding week, between Brandreth and his wife. The latter returned to Sutton, and did not again see her wretched husband before his death. Subsequent to her departure there was an evident change in Brandreth's conduct. Soon after his fate had been sealed by the verdict of a Jury, it may be recollected that he expressed himself *satisfied* that *his trial was a fair one*; that his *Counsel had exerted themselves to the utmost in his behalf*, and that although death was an event difficult to view with indifference, yet he was prepared to meet it with resignation, and had no reason to impugn

"the justice by which he was condemn-  
 "ed. And it will be recollected, that  
 "in his letter to his wife these senti-  
 "ments were in no respect altered.  
 "Of late his manners and declara-  
 "tions assumed a different character.  
 "He no longer admitted the justice of  
 "his sentence, but on the contrary,  
 "said that he had fallen a victim to  
 "the stratagems of a party faction—  
 "that he had been led on by the in-  
 "fluence of Oliver and others to the  
 "fat which awaited him, and the real  
 "sinners had escaped. This unac-  
 "countable transition from conduct  
 "which might fairly be called rational,  
 "to that which was the very reverse,  
 "excited some suspicion as to the  
 "cause, and an investigation took  
 "place, which solved all doubts. It  
 "turned out that the cell in which  
 "Brandreth was placed was so situ-  
 "ated as to admit of communication  
 "with the debtors confined in the  
 "prison, whose voices could not alone  
 "be heard, but who had an opportu-  
 "nity of pushing under the door any  
 "paper which they might consider  
 "expedient. These persons were  
 "heard to call out, 'Brandreth, die  
 "firm—assert, as the truth is, that  
 "Oliver was the cause of your con-  
 "duct, and that but for his machina-  
 "tions you might yet be free.' Bran-  
 "dreth listened to these suggestions,  
 "and acted accordingly.—The next  
 "object of suspicion was a letter,  
 "stated to be from Brandreth's wife,  
 "which, it was desired, should be de-  
 "livered to the prisoner without de-  
 "lay. Mr. EATON, the gaoler, how-  
 "ever, suspecting, from the manner in  
 "which the letter had been delivered,  
 "that it contained something myste-

"rious, was induced to open it, and his  
 "suspicions were confirmed. This  
 "letter, which was suppressed, is as  
 "follows:—

"Sutton, Oct. 26, 1817,

"Dear Husband—I received your  
 "unwelcome letter (or rather the un-  
 "welcome tidings it contains) on the  
 "25th inst., and it is in vain for me to  
 "attempt to describe my feelings on  
 "the arrival of such unwelcome news  
 "as it contains. I leave you to judge  
 "my feelings, yet distressing as my  
 "situation is, it is nothing in compari-  
 "son to yours (I mean as to the situa-  
 "tion I am left in) but I shall forbear  
 "saying much at this time, as I intend,  
 "if God permit, to see you in the course  
 "of one week, if I can by any means  
 "get conveyance. In the mean-time  
 "I hope that that God which is more  
 "merciful than man will give you com-  
 "fort and consolation, and if you have  
 "(which is the general opinion) been  
 "drawn in by that wretch Oliver, for-  
 "give him, and leave him to God and  
 "his own conscience. That God who  
 "will give to every man his reward,  
 "though, when I call him a human  
 "being I scarce think him so (though  
 "in the shape of one.) O that I could  
 "atone for all and save your life.  
 "But I forbear saying any more.  
 "Praying that God will be with you  
 "to strengthen and comfort you, and  
 "should you suffer, bring you through  
 "Christ to eternal glory, which is the  
 "prayer of your unhappy wife,

"ANN BRANDRETH."

Now, what is there of mystery  
 in this letter? Mr. Bowstring  
 Stewart does not tell us, that the  
 jailor delivered the letter, which

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he had had the cruelty and insolence to open\*. And, whether or not, what is there in this letter? If her husband had been entrapped by *Oliver*, she advised the former to do *what*? Not any thing, but to leave the monster to God and his own conscience! As to the story about the Debtors speaking through the wall and putting papers under the door, what a falsehood! Indeed all this matter is so plain, that more words about it are useless.

While these efforts to *cajole* and to *silence* BRANDRETH and his associates, were going on in the jail, and while Bowstring Stewart and Stoddart were at work to persuade people, that the victims acknowledged their guilt and the justice of their sentence, other means were employed. A LETTER was sent him from London, dated 5th Nov. in the following words:

"Jeremiah Brandreth,—I cannot help feeling pity, as I really believe, from what I read of you in the newspapers, that you possess the materials to make a good man; but unfortunately, from some cause or other, they have been perverted to a most shocking purpose, I therefore request you to accept a trifle towards carrying into effect the charitable and kind intention I hear you have expressed to provide for your wife and children before you die, trusting that you will continue to conduct yourself as a man whose whole strength and consolation is in Christ. Use NO BOLDNESS, which hath in it more of the fool than the wise men; but keep a calm

"and dignified silence as much as ever you can.

(Signed) "A TOTAL STRANGER."

—There is no doubt that this letter was sent by Corruption herself, through some of her underlings. The money was a bribe to secure *silence* at the place of execution. The hag has bribed so many people, that she thought of nothing but bribery here. She was deceived, however. Her man, though at the foot of the scaffold, was proof against both flattery and bribery. But, mark! How afraid she is of people speaking on the scaffold! How the thought terrifies her! She will certainly recommend the Bowstring very soon. She will certainly, if we continue to push her hard, propose to strangle men in the cells, as Turks are strangled in the Seraglios. We shall soon hear Stewart and Stoddart and William Gifford and Renegado Southey recommend to "*abate the nuisance*" of public executions. They will say, that such executions tend to *harden* those who behold them. They will say, that "it is not to be *endured* that *libels* should be thus uttered on the scaffold." What! Men to be suffered to attack the government by refusing to acknowledge their own guilt! Oh! the *libellous* and *inflammatory* dogs! Not die silently like lambs and chickens! Do not be surprised if you hear this, in a very short time; and if you hear these desperate ruffians openly recommending executions *within the walls of the prisons*. "Use NO BOLDNESS". Yes, it is this *boldness*, which terrifies the Boroughmongers. It is this boldness at the place of execution, which has alarmed them more than all other things put together.

\* The COURIER acknowledges that the letter was not delivered. He says, it "was suppressed." The avowal of this act of treachery appears to have escaped Mr. Cobbett's observation.

That this boldness has not arisen from that "*atheism*," or "*blasphemy*," which the sons of the Bowstring, in different places, have so falsely imputed to our doctrines, is very evident; for the victims at DERBY were all remarkably *religious* men, and *Christians* in the full sense of the word. BRANDRETH was a Church of England man: TURNER and LUDLAM dissenters: but all of them deeply penetrated with a sense of religion, and relying most firmly on salvation through the atonement of Christ, which, as we well know, is only on condition of *repentance* of our sins. Hence it follows, that they *did not regard as a sin* the acts which they were condemned for! This is the puzzler for the Bowstring men; and this is quite enough to make Corruption and all her tribe shake in their shoes. What is the language of BRANDRETH, in his last letter to his wife? Let us read this letter; let us have it always at hand; let us have it ready to produce against the sons of the Bowstring, whenever they shall talk about the "*blasphemy*" of our speeches and writings, and of the effect of those writings upon those, whom they have the impudence to call the "*Lower Orders*." This letter was written the day before his death, which last memorable day was the 7th of November; and, it is singular enough, that, in the same 4 hours, *another death* took place, of, perhaps, equal national importance.

"My beloved Wife, this is the morning before I suffer. I have sat down to write my last lines to you, hoping that my soul will shortly be at rest in Heaven, through the redeeming blood of Christ. I feel no fear in passing through the shadow of death

to eternal life; so I hope you will make the promise of God as I have, to your own soul, as we may meet in Heaven, where every sorrow will cease, and all will be joy and peace. My beloved, I received a letter this morning, with a pound note in it, which I leave for you in the gaoler's hands, with the other things, which will be sent to you, as I shall mention before I have done. This is the account of what I send to you—one work bag, two balls of worsted and one of cotton, and a handkerchief, an old pair of stockings and shirt, and the letter I received from my beloved sister, with the following sum of money, 1*l.* 12*s.* 7*d.* This, I suppose, will be sent in a packet to you by some means. My dearly beloved wife, this is the last correspondence I can have with you, so you will make yourself as easy as you possibly can, and I hope God will bless you and comfort you, as he has me; so my blessing attend you and the children, and the blessing of God be with you now and ever more. Adieu, adieu to all for ever.

Your most affectionate husband,  
"J. BRANDRETH."

This letter, the COURIER says, was written in a hand perfectly clear, plain and steady. And why not? It was the produce of an honest heart, a clear conscience, and a manly mind. But, above all things, it breathes the spirit of real, unfeigned piety towards God and of affection as unfeigned towards his wife and children. This conduct entitles his memory to our regard. He, with *these feelings in his heart; with an eternity before his eyes; with a firm belief, that unrepented crimes would plunge him, in a few minutes, into everlast-*

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ing torments; with this belief, rivetted on his mind, he, in effect, says, that he has *nothing to repent of* as to the acts for which he was condemned; and, as the breath is leaving his body, *he is proceeding to speak of CASTLEREAGH!* What he *thought*, and what he would have *said*, of this Castlereagh, if he had been suffered to proceed, we may guess, and the world may guess. But, certain it is, that Bowstring Stewart *abuses* the memory of BRANDRETH, and certain it is, that BRANDRETH was a most religious man.

Poor LUDLAM appears to have been wholly absorbed in his devotions; but TURNER, who was more collected and whose voice was stronger, *spoke out*. He was stopped suddenly; but, he said enough. These men died with as much bravery as Sidney, and with far more than Russell. When the bloody Judge condemned Sidney, that gallant man, baring his arm and stretching it out, said: "look! see if you have made a single nerve of me tremble!" Even his conduct was not more brave than that of CASHMAN and BRANDRETH and TURNER. Far be it from me to speak slightly of the memory of Lord Russell; but he condescended to do what these men scorned to think of. BRANDRETH sent no wife to implore mercy for him; and that wife has acted a part which makes Lady Russell appear far beneath her. This brave woman has, indeed, heard that the head of her husband was held up by the hair, with the blood streaming from it, while the executioner cried out, "*this is the head of JEREMIAH BRANDRETH, a traitor!*" But, the heads of Russell and Sidney and of Sir Thomas More were held up in the same way.

The sentence placed the *four quarters* of each of the Derby victims at *His Majesty's disposal*! LORD SIDMOUTH, kindly sent word, that that part of the sentence was *remitted*; and so the bodies were suffered to go into the coffins without any *cutting up*! This Lord seems not to be sufficiently known to the people yet: The merits of Castlereagh are so glaring, that they take all the shine from those of his colleague. But, as I shall hereafter show, that colleague is a person by no means to be *thought little of*.

But, it is now time to think a little of what it is *in our power to do*, with regard to these things. An annual meeting to perpetuate the recollection of the death of the Derby victims is a thing for *future consideration*. For the present, if you will collect together all the materials for writing an account of their birth, parentage, life, and death, I will make a little book of it, and fashion it so that young people and poor people may have it at a very cheap rate; and the profit shall be for Mrs. BRANDRETH and her CHILDREN. You will know how to send me these materials, and there shall be no time lost on my part. As you were at Derby yourself, you will probably be able to speak very positively as to the *curious transactions upon the scaffold*, which is the most striking feature in the whole thing.

In the meanwhile, I shall endeavour to assist others in setting on foot a *subscription in this country* for the benefit of Mrs. BRANDRETH and her CHILDREN. When I go down to Philadelphia, which will be in about ten days, I shall see our friend HULME and some other gentlemen; and we will then see what can

be done. I mean, to *what extent*; for, I now take upon me to say, that the brave woman may rely upon receiving, through my hands, *twenty guineas*, by the *first day of June next*; and, if I have life, my efforts to aid her and her children shall not stop there. How much I shall be able to raise, I do not know; but, you may rest assured, that I will neglect nothing that I am able to do, in order to provide for this excellent woman and her fatherless children. The people in this country feel most acutely for her sufferings; they applaud her for her piety and bravery; and, I am quite sure, that there wants nothing but a proper mode of appeal to induce them to supply that provision for the widow and children, which, it appears, was the only thing that the father was anxious about. I am thinking of a *public meeting*, upon this subject, at New York; but, I must refer the propriety of this to persons of more experience than myself. The Boroughmongers cannot gag us here at any rate!

I have, as I before stated, collected *twenty guineas\** for Mr. BENBOW, whom SIDMOUTH has in one of the dungeons. This has been done without any public subscription. The dungeoned people ought to be assisted as much as possible, and they shall (particularly *Sir Francis's Delegates*) as far as I am able to procure them assistance. But, to do this will require time. The case of Mrs. BRANDRETH is more pressing. It is a case which calls for immediate attention. I do not perceive that TURNER and LUDLAM were married. If,

\* This sum has been transmitted to Mr. Benbow by the Publisher.

however, they have left *wives*, or *small children*, these must be objects of our care; for, in my eyes, all the three men appear in the same light.

I will give countenance to nothing which appears to me to be an attempt against the life, or the lawful authority of the king. I detest real traitors from the bottom of my heart. But, as we do not call Russell and Sidney traitors; so I am at liberty to judge, whether I am to consider Brandreth and his associates in that light.

Hoping to hear from you soon, relative to these matters, I remain, with unalterable attachment,

Your faithful friend,

And most obedient servant,

WM. COBBETT.

P.S. You would naturally wonder what induced me, at the conclusion of my last letter, to enjoin you, in so emphatical a tone, *to take care of your HEALTH*. The truth is, though I had not then time to explain myself, I had just received the file of Bowstring Stewart's paper for November, where I read, that an *Inn-keeper* at ESHER, upon barely hearing of the death of the Princess Charlotte, was *instantly taken ill*, and went and laid down upon his bed and DIED! Coupling this fact with the sight of the *news-papers lined all round with black*, I really began to fear, that a considerable portion of the nation were actually dead, or in a dying state, from the same cause; for, thought I, if the news could strike an *Inn-keeper* dead, happy must be the mortal who wholly escapes illness, when the news is sent forth in such dismal accents.—I see, that *addresses, sermons*, all sorts of

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vehicles of condolence have been put in motion; and our wise *Consul* a *New York*, whose name is BUCHANAN, I believe, has got up a "loyal" address of condolence at that place, with the laudable view, no doubt, of making a step in the way of promotion, or, of getting a reward in some other shape. But, as people are not gagged here; as Sidmouth's and Castlereagh's warrants do not run on this side of the Atlantic; as the Englishmen who are here are not in danger of Castles, Oliver, Reynolds, or any body like them; as there are no ways of ruining men here by secret operations; as nobody, in this country, is exposed to the prosecution of such men as Shepherd, or to the defence of such men as Cross: this being the case, the unanimity in condolence does not appear to have been quite so perfect at New York as in England. For, while the "loyal" Merchants and others, the greater part of whom have ABJURED ALL ALLEGIANCE TO THE KING, condole with the Prince in the style of an English Borough, like that of Sarum, for instance, as loyal and as ancient as need be, and as rotten as the hearts of these merchants can possibly be, the *English Reformers* met in a large Hall, where they, after some discussion, agreed to an address; of condolence indeed, but of condolence with the royal MOTHER instead of the royal FATHER, of the illustrious deceased; and in which address, these "jacobins" take occasion to observe, that they, though driven from their country by the recent measures, have not abjured either country or king.—I am sorry that I cannot send you these addresses at present. I will do

it on my return to Long Island.—This Consul, in his eagerness to catch hold of so fair an opportunity of paying his court to power, appears to have forgotten, that he was not *here* acting under the protecting awe of the *Gag* and the *Halter* and the *Axe* and the *Quartering Knife*. He appears to have forgotten, that *Addresses* are things not at all times and under all circumstances to be ventured upon. He appears to have forgotten, that those loyal persons, who set on foot, in the county of Kent, an address to the Prince on his daughter's marriage, were defeated in open county-meeting. He appears to have forgotten, that addresses are not, by prudent people, set on foot unless there be some good, well-tenanted *barrack* at no great distance. He appears to have forgotten, that unanimity is so very desirable in such ticklish cases, that the addressers seldom open their own mouths, till they have, by some means or other, safely put a gag into those of the people at large. But, the fact is, I dare say, that this Consul has never known any thing of such matters. He is, doubtless, some industrious Scotchman, who, feeling himself full to the chin of talent and of high blood, is anxious to become an Envoy, or a Knight, or both at once, in the latter of which he may possibly be gratified, if he takes care not to forward the counter-address; but, if that should reach the eye of his masters, he may probably get cashiered for his silly officiousness; as NELL GWYN turned off her footman for fighting with some fellows who had called her a whore. "Yonr zeal," said Nell, "is very generous, my lad, but very troublesome,"

The *political consequences* of the death of the Princess is all that we, any of us, can have any thing to do with. We cannot have any *personal feeling* upon the occasion. It is a young wife dead in child-birth; and this happens, in many parts of every great country, every twenty-four hours. It is nonsense, and, indeed, worse: it is vile hypocrisy to talk about *personal sorrow*, or *personal feeling* of any sort. And, as to the matter in a *public point of view*, our feelings will, and must, be regulated by our opinions as to the *consequences* which the event is likely to produce. It is very certain that it multiplies by about *seven or eight* our chances to have *frequent new parliaments* for some years to come; and, as these are amongst the things, that we have been so long *praying for*, I do not see how we can, with any decency, cry because we are likely to be gratified with it. I am, indeed, aware, that the old remedy, *an act of parliament*, may do away all these chances. Aye! but then there is another *wide rent* made in the thing! Bowstring Stewart

comforts us by saying, that any of the Royal Dukes or of their Royal Sister *may have children*; and, indeed, that "the Prince Regent HIMSELF may" that is to say, by the Princess of Wales of course. Yes, yes, yes: we know they may! But, under correction of my Bowstring friend, I apprehend that none of them can have a child that will be twenty-one years of age *before twenty-one years from this time*. Again, I do not forget the wondrous power of parliament; but, I think they have got their match here.—However, we know, that *elections are about to begin* sometime this year, and, we will resign ourselves to Providence, and trust, that all will be for the best, not neglecting, at the same time, any of the *means*, which Providence may be so good as to place in our hands. For my part, all considerations of a private nature shall with me, yield to efforts for the restoration of my country's freedom. But, the fact is, that, while my countrymen are enslaved, I cannot be happy; so that, in truth, I am working for myself as well as for them.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

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